

THE DANCE OF THE SIOUX

White Folks at Tepeetown Were
Made to Shiver and Be Afraid.

It was the day after the semi-monthly beef issue at the Standing Rock Indian agency in North Dakota last August. Here nearly 4,000 Sioux have their reservation. The steers had been butchered, and the beef distributed, and the motley crowds of bucks, squaws and children, bearing with them their two weeks' supply of meat, had dispersed the night before. Over at Tepeetown, a little cluster of log huts and tepees two or three miles from the agency, a dance was to be given, and our party went to the scene. In the center of the village stood a low, one-story, mud-roofed council hall, wherein the festivities were to be held. Indian families, some on horseback, others in wagons, were driving up, while scores of young bucks, sporting their horses to a wild gallop, came scurrying over the hills skirting the muddy Missouri river, and gathered around the hall whence came the furious beating of the drums. An old Indian, No Spirit, strode among the huts, loudly calling on everyone to hasten to the dance.

All around preparations were being made for the great event. Those who were to participate—a select few, all members of an old-time secret society, which is not allowed by the government to take in new recruits—were arraying themselves in festive attire. Fastidious spectators from the east might have objected to the way in which the change of garb was made. In most cases the warriors came out to the shady sides of their huts, stripped to the breech-clout, and, casting aside the garments of civilization furnished by the government, arrayed themselves in all the "pride, pomp and circumstance" of aboriginal finery. Gaudily embroidered leggings of deerskin, calico shirts of the gayest colors, necklaces and armlets of bear claws and elk teeth, and long, trailing war bonnets of eagles' feathers were donned, and then the paint and brushes came into play and the bronzed faces of the wearers were tinted with all the hues of the rainbow.

This done, the warriors, nearly all old men, strode proudly to the council hall, each being greeted on his entry with a loud "How" from Medicine Joe, the master of ceremonies, who was already there decked out in all the barbaric splendor of his official garb. The big stone pipe, filled with a mixture of tobacco and kinnikinnick,

was lighted and passed around from mouth to mouth. In this ceremony the whites were not passed by—for there were now 15 or 20 there, including some officers from Ft. Yates and their wives—the pipe being offered to all. Some gagged at taking it from the mouth of an Indian, but the less fastidious took a whiff and handed it around the circle.

Soon there was a buzz of excitement among the young Indians who were crowded outside around the doors and windows, and Hooting Owl, a big Indian, totally blind, was led in by a knot of his friends. These were the musicians, and took their seats around the drums. In a weird falsetto Hooting Owl struck up a song, the drums were beaten, and, one after another, the painted, bedizened dancers sprang to their feet. The dance began. With bodies bent forward, hopping on alternate feet, brandishing wooden guns and tomahawks—the real weapons being forbidden—the dancers whirled around the hall, yelling and shouting, each seeming to vie with the other in strange contortions, while the weird song and the furious beating of the drums added to the pandemonium of sounds. As Red Above, Charging Eagle, White-faced Bear, No Spirit, Red Hawk, Bear-under-the-Cloud, Bear-on-the-Hill, Swift Elk and a score of others with names equally strange, wound their way through the mazes of the dance, the perspiration poured down their faces, mingling the paints into a fantasy of colors. At length the song ceased, and with loud "How's" the dancers took their seats and the pipe again went around.

Now the squaws came in, carrying kettles of boiled meats—some whispered that dog was the principal delicacy—which were set in a corner. The women were decked out in their best, and painted as well, but not to the same extent as the men. Some of them wore strings of porcupine quills two and three feet long pendant at their ears. Many were old and hideous, their bent forms and withered, wrinkled faces showing the traces of toll not less hard than that which among civilized peoples falls to the lot of beasts of burden. Others were younger and more comely, but the "lovely Indian maiden" is a myth. After an interval spent by the women in gossiping much after the fashion of their white sisters, the song began again, and both men and women, al-

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though in separate bodies, renewed the dance. The warriors again went through their wild movements, but the squaws danced around to the left in an unbroken circle, rising stiffly on their toes and scarcely moving the body above the hips. The singers and drummers shrieked and pounded, the male dancers whooped and yelled, while the women at intervals emitted a wild, uncanny screech. The dust arose in clouds, and there was little if any ventilation, for both windows and doors were so clogged and jammed with young Indians peering in with flashing eyes, and doubtless longing to take their part in the wild scene, that no air could penetrate the dance hall.

All afternoon this went on, and was to be kept up until midnight. Although there was no possibility of danger—nay, Medicine Joe had collected 25 cents admission fee from each white person there—yet there came a shivery feeling as one watched the dance, and thought of the sad fate of hundreds and hundreds of white captives in the dim past who, helpless and hopeless in the hands of savage foes, gazed on scenes like this which were but precursors of a fate too horrible to dwell upon here.

The suppression of dances among the Indians is one of the most vexing minor problems encountered by the Indian bureau in its dealings with these wards of the Nation. Dances have always been a striking and important feature of the social, warlike and religious life of the Indian. They were many in number, but the most part have naturally died out amid changed conditions of reservation life. The social dances, by which time was whiled away in the villages; the horrible scalp dance, wherein frenzied warriors leaped and howled around their bloody trophies; the mystical sun dance, so graphically described by George Catlin, the painter and historian of the Indian; the ghost dance, from which was reaped so terrible a harvest of death in the Wounded Knee troubles in 1890—all these, with the exception of the first, while ingrained into the aboriginal character so strongly that their extirpation might have seemed well-nigh impossible, are at an end. The great scalp dance on the Little Big Horn on that fateful night of June 25, 1876, when Custer and his men had been annihilated, was the last scene of its horrid kind in the West. The government rigidly prohibits the sun dance, with its self-inflicted tortures by young braves, anxious to establish their claims to warriorship. Only a few of the less obnoxious dances are now permitted, and

Natural Anxiety.

Mothers regard approaching winter with uneasiness, children take cold so easily. No disease costs more little lives than croup. Its attack is so sudden that the sufferer is often beyond human aid before the doctor arrives. Such cases yield readily to One Minute Cough Cure. Liquifies the mucus, allays inflammation, removes danger. Absolutely safe. Acts immediately. Cures coughs, cold, grip, bronchitis, all throat and lung trouble. F. S. McMahon, Hampton, Ga.: "A bad cold rendered me voiceless just before an oratorical contest. I intended to withdraw but took One Minute Cough Cure. It restored my voice in time to win the medal." For sale by all druggists.

The Crown Prince of Siam In Clothing of Civilization



New York, Oct. 25.—On Oct. 21, the Crown Prince of Siam, about whose admiration for American women much has been said, arrived in this city from Philadelphia. This picture shows him in European dress, quite different from the native costume his countrymen affect. The Crown Prince was the center of attraction at the Waldorf, where he stayed while in New York city.

these will die out with the passing away of the older men who fought under Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Geronimo, and of whom but a remnant survive. When they have gone to the happy hunting grounds of their forefathers, these picturesque reminders of Indian aboriginal life will have vanished from the land.

How jealously even these few survivors of ancient customs are still guarded may be seen by a very recent episode on the Piegan agency in Montana. Some Assinibolines from the reservation at Ft. Belknap visited the Piegan and White Calf, the chief of the Piegan, asked permission of the Indian agent to give a dance in their honor. The request was refused and hot words following, the agent ordered White Calf's arrest. Immediately three of the Indian police ordered to make the arrest threw aside their guns and badges of office and refused to do their duty. Scores of Piegan rushed to the agent's office, and, through the interpreter, Little Dog, a prominent chief, said to that official:

"If you arrest White Calf, my people will bind you with ropes and throw you in front of the next passing train."

"Yes," said White Calf, drawing his form to its full height and glowing with the agent with a look of an enraged tiger, "and since your policemen will not arrest me, why do you not do so yourself? I stand here waiting."

"To this I will add," cried Little Dog, "that these Assinibolines treat us well when we visit them, and now

Ran a Ten Penny Nail Through His Hand.

While opening a box, J. C. Mount, of Three Mile Bay, N. Y., ran a ten-penny nail through the fleshy part of his hand. "I thought at once of all the pain and soreness this would cause me," he says, "and immediately applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and occasionally afterwards. To my surprise it removed all pain and soreness and the injured parts were soon healed." For sale by all druggists.

that they have come to visit us we are going to do what we can to entertain them. The dance will be held. I am going to give it at my place, whether you like it or not."

The frightened agent got away from the scene as soon as possible, troops were called from Ft. Assinibolne, the ration tickets of the recalcitrant Indians were withdrawn, and there was a lot of trouble, only settled by the intervention of the Indian bureau.

His Life In Peril.

"I just seemed to have gone all to pieces," writes Alfred Bee, of Welfare, Tex., "biliousness and a lame back had made life a burden. I couldn't cut or sleep and felt almost too worn out to work when I began to use Electric Bitters, but they worked wonders. Now I sleep like a top, eat anything, have gained in strength and enjoy hard work." They give vigorous health and new life to weak, sickly, run-down people. Try them. Only 50c at C. R. Harper & Co's drug store.

A Dozen Times a Night.

Mr. Owen Dunn, of Benton Ferry, W. Va., writes: "I have had kidney and bladder trouble for years, and it became so bad that I was obliged to get up at least a dozen times a night. I never received any permanent benefit from any medicine until I tried Foley's Kidney Cure. After using two bottles, I am cured." J. M. Laffer, A. Warner, J. Lamparter & Co.

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Emile Zola as He Appeared Just Before His Death



EMILE ZOLA

This picture of the famous French novelist, Emile Zola, was taken a month before his tragic death and is different from the pictures usually published of him. The general pose is more judicial, the forehead higher and the beard more pointed.